WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 20.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1805. [WHOLE No. 124

Bromley Melmot;

A NOVEL.

Continued from page 146.

AT the theatre Melmot was charmed with the splendor and beauty of the surrounding objects, as well as with the merits of the eminent performers who played, and he returned home highly delighted with the entertainment of the evening. But though pleasure's fascinating sway had for a while banished all uneasy reflections, on his pillow they returned with full force. The simple unaffected innocence of Maria lost none of its attractions, even when compared with the luxuriant beauties with which London abounds; and he felt that, although dissipation and show may for a while dazzle the senses, permanent happiness was not to be found beneath their gaudy trappings. He rose early, impatient to inform his beloved friends in the country of his happiness and success, and began a journal which he determined to continue with the utmost punctuality. Insensibly, however, he found that the occupation in which he was hourly engaged considerably abridged his time, and his rest was nightly robbed of some hours in the completion of his journal.

One morning Captain Harley entered his chamber very early, for him; and throwing himself into a chair, said—— "Melmot, I think I can depend upon your honor, and that the secret I am about to confide in you will be secure: ——I love and have reason to believe I am not indifferent to, an amiable woman. Pecuniary embarrassments on her side preclude the possibility of our union; but we are irrevocably engaged. She lives with a friend, a widow woman of fashion, and has lately lost her mother. They have a large house, part of which the widow generally lets to a single gentleman; and as I would prefer your being there to a stranger, I will recommend you to take the apartments. You will find Susanna an agreeable girl; and the widow will, as my friend, treat you with every politeness in her power.

Melmot was pleased at his proposal, and prepared immediately to accompany him to engage the apartments; and, to his no small surprise, found his friend's Susanna was the identical young lady with whom he had been so much captivated in the mail coach. Captain Harley was no less astonished to find them already acquainted, and the eclaircissement was agreeable on all sides. It was consequently agreed, that, as Melmot's annual salary was fixed at one hundred and fifty guineas, he was to pay sixty pounds a year for his board and lodging, which, by his living 'in the family way,' was a moderate calculation, and he was to take possession that night. He accordingly inclosed in his letter to Mr. Bromley the two hundred pounds which he had brought with him; entreating him to excuse his acceptance of it, but to employ it in the purchase of a more eligible habitation, which from the overplus of his own salary, he should be very well able to support them in. To this he soon received a most affectionate answer from his uncle, and the following from Maria:

"YOUR letter, dear Melmot, was the first piece of happiness I have received since your departure: indeed, I have had a most uncommon share of ill luck of late.—Our dear Mr. Bromley has been laid up with the gout; and between him and my poor mother, who is in a dangerous way, I am wearied out with incessant watching; for how could I leave him wholly to Mrs. Netleby, who not having the reason to love him that I have, might be unable to bestow upon him a thousand little attentions in my power to show?—If you were here, indeed, I should be better able to support it all; for when we used to stray to and from the cottage, I seemed light, as your arm supported me; but now, grief has made me heavy, and I am often forced to sit for rest upon the little stile where we first met. I dare say you remember it; I am sure it ran in my head night and day: but, worse than all, Lord Morton was recalled

from his travels by the death of his father, and he is now lord Brancetown. ———Would you believe it,—he came and offered me his hand, heart, fortune, and title!—but I scorned it, as I did him; and assured him, that his additional title gave him no additional merit in my eyes. He was in a terrible rage, called you a 'Parson's Puppy!'———I could have torn his hated eyes out!———and swore he would be revenged. Parliament in London obliged him to leave Leskard, so I shall be troubled with him no more, thank God! But as he is in London, I tremble lest his anger should extend to you; for who knows what a bad man would do? I am sure, he that could attempt to use an innocent and virtuous girl ill, would stop at no villainy, however execrable. And now, dear Melmot, let me caution you to be very careful of meeting him; and be sure never to stay out after dark; for, though you are much superior to him in strength and agility, he may have desperate weapons in his pockets, and then, how could you strive against him? When I think of it, it makes me very unhappy, and I dream of you incessantly; but I have no cause to grieve, for your late letter was kind—very kind; and your dear, generous attention to our wants gave comfort to my heart.

"Never may the London beauties estrange from your heart your humble, though constant,

MARIA WILLIAMS."

For the first time, Melmot now perceived the refinement his taste had so generally experienced, and the unadorned language of Maria struck him most forcibly; but her simplicity, piety, and affectionate solicitude, inspired him with renewed love; and her artless caution of his not "staying out after dark," provoked his risibility so much, that his laughter could not be restrained, and he indulged it most heartily, till the entrance of Percival interrupted him.

He insisted upon knowing the cause of his mirth; and Melmot, thinking it ungenerous to conceal any thing from such a good friend, explained to him his situation, and showed him the letter, which affected him in the same manner; but, after a moment's pause, gave it back into Melmot's hand with a serious air, saying——"My dear friend, though I laugh at Maria's caution, I revere her sensations; and if you could ever be such a villain as to despise a woman whom you have first professed to love, and who gives you such proofs of her affection, I have nothing further to say to you. It is my wish and intention to show you the world; but my meaning by so doing, is to prevent my office being forestalled by those, who would probably take advantage of your inexperience, dress vice in its most alluring colors, and trample virtue beneath their feet; and though my example may, perhaps, lead you into a few errors, it must depend upon the goodness of your heart to settle all your wandering affections in the right point."

"I never wish to see the world, then," replied Melmot, "if there is so much danger in the acquisition of knowledge."

"Then you are dubious of your own integrity?" replied the other.

"No," said Melmot, hesitating: "but, you know, if I am not exposed to temptation, there is not so much probability of my erring."

"Admirable logic!" cried the captain: "so you would bravely turn your back upon the enemy, lest your face should be spoiled with their grape shot:—a pretty fellow, truly!—No, no, Melmot; you were born to fill a more active sphere than that to which you seem at present inclined. You are but eighteen; at twenty five you will preach a different doctrine: and though I think you are not calculated for a libertine, I expect to see you more a man of the world. It is necessary, absolutely necessary, to screen ourselves from the villainy that is to be met with in every provincial town."

Melmot seemed still discontented: he could not perceive the utility of reaping knowledge at such a prodigious hazard, and would have been far better contented to sit down with an humble competence with his Maria, than to acquire wealth which he must be obliged to dissipate in pursuits that did not accord with his inclination.

Mr. Harley was too much occupied in the business of the senate to attend to his proceedings, and now contented himself with sometimes enquiring into the state of his finances, and desiring his family to show him every attention possible, in which every individual would have been very unwilling to fail.

Captain Harley having discharge his own man, for some misdemeanor, and wishing for a country lad to fill his place, Melmot thinking it would be a comfortable establishment for Tom Butley, when he wrote to Leskard mentioned it to Mr. Bromley, who immediately accommodated matters with his parents, and Tom was dispatched to town to take possession of his new post. Previous to his departure Mrs. Nettleby had, under pretence of the most heart-felt good-will to the family, bribed him to remit her punctual intelligence of all Melmot's transactions in town; and, owing to Mr. Bromley's kindness, he was very well enabled to fulfil his promise. The letters he brought Melmot contained an account that Mrs. Williams was no more; also, that, according to his promise before her death, Mr. Bromley had taken Maria wholly under his own care.

Maria's letter, as usual, breathed nothing but tender love and solicitude for his welfare.

In the society of Miss Susanna Newcombe, Melmot felt the greatest pleasure; and as the mutual confidence in which the captain and himself lived precluded all reserve, he soon confided to Susanna the history of his Maria; enumerated to her her virtues; and expressed how much it was his wish that they might some day become friends. In this wish Susanna, with unfeigned sincerity, joined; and participated with so much sympathy in all his joys and griefs, that his love for her was scarcely inferior to that he bore Maria.

He frequently visited at Mr. Harley's. and was always considered as one in the parties of pleasure formed by those ladies; and the gay Marianne honored him with her perfect confidence.

(To be continued.)

MADAME LA FAYETTE.

THIS lady, the wife of a man, whose history is blended with two important revolutions, was a marchioness before the late changes in France—the family name of her husband was also both spelled and pronounced differently, being then De La Fayette—but the DE being a mark of nobility, as having a feudal allusion (the French term is *nomme de terre*) it was of course omitted on the extinction of titles.

Madame La Fayette is an eminent instance of the instability of greatness, the mutability of fortune, and the inefficacy of wealth. Descended from an ancient lineage, united to an amiable and illustrious husband, who possessed estates in Europe, Ameriea and the West-Indies: she, nevertheless, has not been exempted from the most bitter calamities that can afflict suffering humanity.

When La Fayette resisted the commands of the sole remaining legislative power in France, his "widowed wife" was arrested. Under the despotism of Robespierre she escaped death only by a miracle, (part of her family was actually immolated to his vengeance) but what to some will appear more terrible, she experienced an unremitting captivity of fifteen months, during which she suffered all the horrors of a close confinement, being immured within four walls, subjected to a scanty and precarious diet, secluded from her children, and prohibited even from the light of heaven.

On the death of the tyrant, the voice of humanity was once heard, and she was liberated, and restored to the arms of her afflicted daughters. But she was a wife as well as a mother! and her beloved husband was still in bondage; for he who had endeavored to avert the execution of Lewis XVI. (such is the gratitude of course) was languishing in an Austrian prison.

She accordingly repaired to Hamburgh, accompanied by her children only, for she had not wealth sufficient to hire a single domestic and she possessed a lofty sense of independence, which taught her to reject pecuniary assistance, even from her few remaining friends. As soon as her health was a little restored, she posted to Vienna, and prostrated herself at the feet of the emperor.

Francis III. is in the flower of his youth, the chilling hand of age has not yet rendered him morose; and surely victory cannot have blunted his feelings, and made him at once haughty and insensible! No! no! there is not a prince of this house, from the obscure Count de Hapsburg, of a former period, to the late powerful tenant of the imperial diadem, who has had more occasion to find and to feel that he is a man.

Weeping beauty did not supplicate in vain; the German monarch raised her from her lowly posture, and promised better days. With his permission, she flew on the wings of affection, and, strengthened by conjugal love, knocked at the gate of the fortress that confined her dearly beloved husband, whose speedy deliverance (vain idea!) she hoped instantly to announce.

The massive bolts of the dungeon give way, the grating hinges of the iron doors pierced the ears; she and her virgin daughters are eyed, searched, rifled, by an odious and horrible goaler; and those who, but a moment before, deemed themselves deliverers, now find themselves captives!

Reclining in the bottom of thy dungeon, these tears cannot be seen, these sighs cannot be heard nor can the quick decay of youth and beauty, cankered in the bloom, and dissolving midst the horrors of a German prison, be contemplated. But the heart of sympathy throbs for you ye lovely mourners; the indignation of mankind is aroused: the present age shudders at your unremitted sufferings: and posterity will shed a generous tear at their recital.

Anguish may not yet rend the bosoms of your persecutors, but a dreadful *futurity* awaits them, and were it possible to escape the scourges of offended heaven, they will yet experience all the vengeance of indignant history!

[FROM THE NATIONAL ÆGIS.]

A Studious young man, with a serious air, called upon me last night, in consequence of the late lecture of Dr. Waterhouse on smoaking segars, to enquire whether the practice was allowed by the ancients.—He is one who looks as far back as any thing can be seen, for the grounds of every action he performs; and consequently condemns every thing modern, as the idle fancy of sinful fabricators.—

"Og" said he, "I am knowing to the profundity of your judgment, and the extensiveness of your knowledge, and to satisfy my conscience relative to this matter, I desire you to inform me whether Abraham or St. Paul smoked segars." I dont doubt that I winked, and probably bit my lips.

However, as the man had a laudable desire of ascertaining this important fact, as it was an affair of conscience, and, therefore, was not to be trifled with, I thanked him for the deference he paid to my abilities, and informed him that it was my firm and unalterable opinion that they did not. Here he looked blank, (for he had no great aversion to them himself) but renewed the serenity, when I told him there appeared a very cogent reason for it, which was that they could not obtain them. This relieved him, and deliberately lighting one, he wished me a good night.

No, I have no idea that segars were smoked prior to the deluge, or that David, or Solomon, or Isaiah, or even St. Paul himself ever smoked any of these vile things, but I have a kind of suspicion that Solomon or Paul would have had no objection to them in their young days, but 'tis said at the age they lived, there was not a shop in Jerusalem or Judea, that contained them. There seems indeed an astonishing blank in the history of art, which ought to be filled with the origin and invention of segars, yet I believe we shall incur no disreputable character, by placing it at a later period than Paul's time.

I am assured that "William Godfroid" has become a favorite and popular toast—that the fair are forgotten—that that the commonwealth, its governor, the President of the United-States, are all left to their fate, and giving place to this illustrious segar-monger.

An old bachelor of my neighborhood has placed his portrait by the side of Bacchus in his chamber, and gives each a like portion of his regard; he has sworn allegiance to them both and de-

clares that he would not exchange a modern life, with a plentiful supply of segars, for a dozen such as the Romans lived.

From henceforth, I would advise all the handsome women of our country, to use their utmost endeavors to repel and dissipate this flagrant infringement of their rights, and which has an inevitable tendency to sink them into oblivion, and I would recommend to them the destruction of all segars and segar-tubes and boxes which may fall into their hands.

O G.

COMPARISON OF THE ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH.

Resident in London.

THE *love* of the Englishman, though often intense, is often influenced by some secondary consideration; such as riches, conveniences or the benefit of a respectable connexion. The North Briton loves a *bonnie lassie* dearly, and his affection is not diminished by wealth: while the Hibernian, though often reproached as a fortune hunter, generally loves his mistress for her beauty and accomplishments.

The *friendship* of the Englishman is cordial and consistent; the Scotchman is also sincere: the friendship of the Irishman, though more fervid, is like the blaze of a taper—too often liable to be extinguished by the first gust of his anger.

In *religion*, the Englishman is as systematic as in the regulation of his business; the Scotchman is still more strict in performing the duties of his faith; and the Irishman, who loves God and his neighbor as well as either, is seldom solicitous to appear religious.

In *literature* as in commerce, the Englishman has a large capital, which he improves to the greatest advantage; the Scotchman, who derives part of his intellectual wealth from others, as it were by inheritance, applies the rich bequests of Homer, Virgil, and other illustrious ancients, to his own use with propriety; but he rather lives on the interest than increase the stock. On the contrary, the Irishman inherits but little from the ancients: his literary wealth consists in the rich, but unrefined ore of his own genius, with which he adventures to almost every part of the globe, and is often unsuccessful, though sometimes his bullion is coined into current money.

For solid learning, sound philosophy, and the happiest flights of the epic and dramatic muse, the English may hazard a competition with any other nation. The Scotch literati, with less claim to originality, successfully pursue the useful researches of divinity, history, and criticism; while the Irish without either the extensive knowledge of the former, or the discriminating sagacity of the latter, often excel in genuine wit, ironical humor which commands risibility, and the pathos of sensibility which melts the heart. In support of this assertion, England has produced a Newton, a Milton, and a Shakespeare; Scotland, a Blair, a Robertson, and a Beattie; and Ireland, as a proof of the justice of her pretentions, can bring forward a Swift, a Goldsmith, and a Sterne.

With respect to *pride*, the Englishman glories in the superiority of his country in wealth, trade, and civilization; and his opinion is confirmed by beholding people from all nations in London. The ambition of the North Briton is cherished by his learning, and the antiquity of his family; and the pride of the Irishman is generally confined to his own endowments, the beauty of his mistress or wife, or the accomplishments of his friend.

SMOAKING.

MUCH is said lately about smoaking segars. Every thing is wrong, in the hands of idle people: But amusements are as old as human nature; and tobacco has the consent of the world, and has become a valuable article of commerce—Just so it was said that tea was a poison; but an old man observed that it was a *slow* poison to him; for he drank it all his life—and he did not die till afterninety. Just so it has been said of sugar.—Take away luxuries and you take away commerce: take away commerce, and you take away the arts. And yet, go as far back as you can, while tobacco grows naturally, in a state of innocent nature there will be smokers; and men will then barter for it, trade for it, and come back again just to where the world is now—smokers.

Salem Gaz.

DEFINITIONS.

(From Reynolds' Comedy of the BLIND BARGAIN.)

"Author.— ONE who never *lives* till he *dies*—(a loud laugh)—who makes less money in a year, than an *Underwriter in an hour*—who lies at the mercy of *Reviews, Newspapers, Printers' Devils*, &c. &c. &c.

"Barrister—One who lives by *agitation, altercation, consultation, cross-examination*, and *botheration*—who proposes *arbitration* on the day of trial—*returns brief* but *keeps fee!*"

"Banker,—One who never opens shop till *after breakfast*—shuts *before tea*—and who takes *three days grace* before he gives *one dinner!*"

"Old Maid.—One who is extravagantly fond of *cards, calumny*, and *cats!*"

"Fashion.—A thing that scouts the *city*, and yet is often seen in *Duke-street*. from the number of *Nobility* that *frequent* it—which makes my *lord* and *lady* sleep in *separate beds*; or, if in the same one, of so wide an extent, that it appears as if placed in *different parishes*; so that while my lady *sleeps in one parish* my lord *snores in another!*"—(Reiterated roars of laughter.)

"Dun.—One whose visits are so welcome, that, in the great squares at the west end of the town he is constantly asked to call again."

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.

A singular circumstance occurred a few evenings ago, in Mount-street watch-house.

A STONE mason's laborer, in the South Mews, being detected on

leaving the yard, at one o'clock, with a quantity of broken saws and other iron, in his apron, stolen property, was given in charge to a constable, and conveyed to the watch-house in Mount-street, Grosvenor-spuare. After a long investigation, he was ordered under the care of a man named Pendingtone, the watch-house-keeper, who had been for forty years in the parish, and had gone thro' all the offices of watchman, patrole, comptroller of the watch, regulator of parish jurisprudence, of licences, hired and common constable, staff assistant, and at length arrived at the dignity of watch-house-keeper. His common residence was below stairs, upon a level with the place in which the culprit was confined. While at tea in the afternoon with his wife, family and servant maid, he started in a rage, and swore he thought he saw the prisoner hang himself—took out a long clasped knife from his pocket, opened it, took the key of the cell in the right hand, and approached the dungeon.

To his utter astonishment, on entering, he found the culprit suspended from the beam of the dungeon, by his neck handkerchief and an old apron, the strings of which he had tied to the beam; the handkerchief being fastened to the apron by a running knot, and round his neck. When cut down by the watch-house-keeper, he was apparently dead; but being dragged into the kitchen, and placed in a chair, before the fire, he fell into convulsions, and recovering, said, "the devil was coming for him and the watch house-keeper," and added he, "particularly for you, (pointing to Pendingtone) who robbed my master this night of his due, by cutting me down too soon." This with several other frantic expressions, so frightened the watch-house-keeper, that he changed his seat, and took a more elevated situation, from which he viewed with astonishment, the convulsed situation of the prisoner; when all on a sudden, his wife, his maid, and himself, were disturbed by a sudden and unexpected noise, which rattled the china, plates, chairs, tables and every other moveable article in the room. At this instant the prisoner jumped from his chair, to a considerable height, extended his arms, and hallowed out, Devil, devil, O devil! cease, quiet, quiet, quiet: then rushing at the watch-house-keeper, he so terribly alarmed him, that the latter immediately fell into a fit, and so continued, without any intermission, till two o'clock yesterday morning, when he expired in great agonies.

We are sorry to add, that the servant maid remains in a melancholy state, occasioned by the fright, without hopes of recovery. The culprit has been committed for the theft, to take his trial at the next sessions.

Liverpool paper.

THE PLANTING OF THE VINE.

WHEN Noah planted the first vine, and retired, Satan approached it, and, said, I will nurture you charming plant!—He quickly brought three animals, a Sheep, a Lion, and a Hog, and killed them, one after the other, near the vine. The virtues of the blood of these animals penetrated it, and are still manifested in its growth.

When a man drinks *one* goblet of wine, he is then agreeable, gentle and friendly: that is the nature of the Lamb. When he drinks *two*, he is a Lion, and says, Who is like me?—He then talks of stupendous things.---When he drinks more, his senses forsake him---and at length he wallows in the mire: Need it be said, that he then resembles the Hog!

Charleston paper.

CURIOUS NOTICE.

A MAN of the name of William Hill, of the town of Warminster, (England) has the following extraordinary notice in the front of his house..

Whitesmith, Gardener, Schoolmaster, Watchman, Toothdrawer, occasionally Shoemaker, Chapel Clerk, Cryer of the Town, Running Footman, Groom and Organ Blower, Keeper of the Town, Letter Carrier, Winder of the Town Hall Clock, Toller of the Curfew Bell, Waiter and Billpaster, Bucketmender, Tolltaker at the Bailiff of the Hundred, Assistant to the Staffordshire Potter, Fire Lighter to the Dancing Master, Ringer of the Market Bell, Sheriff's Officer's Deputy, Keeper and deliverer of the Fair, Standing Street, Springer and Flourseller, Cryer to the Coroner of the County, Inspector of Raw Hides and Skins, Ale Taster, Ticket Deliverer at the Five's Court, Fishmonger, Mace Bearer to the Steward of the Manor, Clerk of the Vestry, Porter to the Grand Jury, Regulator of the Town Dial, Beadle and Keeper of the Hog Pens.

He further adds, a fashionable assortment of every thing in the above branches, well worth the attention of the public.

Country orders executed with the greatest punctuality and dispatch.

N. B. An *apprentice* wanted. A *premium* will be expected.

We copy the following very singular advertisement, from the Poughkeepsie Barometer. We think the advertiser discovers an uncommon spirit of generosity by offering the thief a reward for his honesty.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Thief who took a linen shirt from a grass plat, near the centre of this village, on the night of the 21st ult. will please to receive the cordial thanks of the *legal* owner, as there were at the same time, on the same plat, a considerable quantity of valuable linen and dimities, which the said thief was so *obliging* as to leave behind. And as a reward for his or her *honesty* in, not taking the whole, *Five Dollars* will be paid to the person who took the shirt, on application at this office, and no prosecution commenced against them.

ANECDOTE OF A PAGAN PHILOSOPHER.

A PAGAN philosopher, in a Christian country, hearing a girl cry violently over a broken pitcher, and seeing a woman with her hair loose, her eyes swollen with crying, and her discourse nothing but horror and despair, at the loss of a little infant—made the following reflections.

Well after all, these christians talk of heaven, and their hopes of eternal life, 'tis certain there can be no Philoso-

phy in their religion, or that they are very ignorant of it. They must be very silly people, not to have taught their children that pitchers will break—and their women that little children will die!

An Irishman who had been drunk and riotous a few nights since, was taken to the Poultry Compter. The following morning on his appearance before one of the city magistrates, with the fumes of gin still in his head, Pat exclaimed, I don't know, please your worship what brought me here at all at all. You were brought here observed his worship because you were *disorderly*. Disorderly your Worship (replied Pat) upon my soul I never was in *better health* in the course of my life.—Pat's *mistake* produced a laugh, put his accuser in good humor, and, after a short reprimand, he was released.

Lon. paf.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, February 16, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 49 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of *CONSUMPTION* 10—apoplexy 3 in child-bed 1—of cholic 1—convulsions 4—decay 1—decline 2—dropsy in the head 1—putrid fever 1—hives 4—inflammation of the lungs 1—inflammation of the bowels 1—intemperance 1 liver disorder 1—mortification 1—obstruction 1—old age 1—peripneumony 2—pleurisy 1—quinsy 1—sorethroat 1 worms 2—dropsy 1—and 6 of *small pox*.

Of the above 14 were men—16 women—12 boys—7 girls.

Of the whole number 8 were of and under the age of 1 year—6 between the age of 1 and 2—5 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—7 between 20 and 30—7 between 30 and 40—6 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—4 between 60 and 70—2 between 70 and 80—and 1 between 80 and 90.

SACRED CONCERT.

For the Benefit of

UNFORTUNATE FRENCH FAMILIES.

At the request of the congregation a sacred concert will be performed in the French Protestant Episcopal Church Du St. Esprit by the *New-York Musical Society*, on Tuesday evening, the 19th instant, 7 o'clock, for the benefit of the unfortunate French females in this city.

*** Tickets, at one dollar each, may be had by applying to Mr. Hugget, 90 Murray street, corner of Washington street; Dr. Kemp, at the College; Mr. Hamersley, 109 Pearl-street; Mr. Leonard Bleecker, 48 Wall street; Mr. Pintard, City inspector's office, City-Hall; Mr. Coleman, office of Evening Post; Mr. Lewis, of Commercial Advertiser; Mr. Pringle, office of Daily Advertiser, and Messrs. Ezra Sargent & Co. 129 Water-street.

At a court of general sessions of the peace, held at the city-hall of New-York, in and for the said city and county, on Tuesday the 12th day of February instant, the following persons, convicted during the session, received sentence:—

Grand Larceny—Thomas Harvey,* a black man, for stealing a quantity of money the property of Margaret Mears, 5 years at hard labor in the state prison. William Williams, for stealing a barrel of sugar, the property of Dederer & Lines, 4 years do. Samuel Burt, convicted by confession of stealing the property of Ebenezer P. Ward: and John Johnson, for stealing the property of Wm. Hall, 3 years do. Pomp, a slave of Thomas Salter, convicted by confession of stealing the property of his master, 2 years do. with leave of transportation. Thomas Dixon, for stealing the property of Mandy & Freeman, and Ambrose C. Hankinson, one year do.

Petit Larceny—Christopher Dunlevy,* convicted by confession of stealing the property of Richard Berrian, 3 years at hard labor in the state prison. George Campbell, for stealing the property of Frederick Devoe; Peleg Warren, for stealing the property of Cheeseman & Browne; Mathew Armstrong, for stealing a barrel of flour the property of David Day; and Jonathan Landen, for stealing the property of Archibald Howell, 2 years do. Christiana Linehooff,† for stealing the goods of Elizabeth Ferguson, 1 year do. The same person, for stealing the property of Thomas Cavenaugh 1 year do. to commence at the expiration of the former sentence. Abraham Moore, for stealing the goods of Daniel Carman; and Esther Bowler, for stealing a muff and tippet, the property of Mary Brower, one year each do. Samuel Russell for stealing the property of J. L. Steinbach, 60 days in the city prison. Margaret Stanley; for stealing the goods of Jasper Drake, 10 days in the city prison; and Thomas Whiteman, convicted by confession at the last December sessions, of stealing the property of Thomas Seal, but not sentenced at the time on account of his being severely afflicted with the small-pox, one day in the city prison at hard labor.

Misdemeanor.—Lewis Ellis and William Kissmore, convicted by verdict of killing a horse the property of John Turner; the court, in consideration of their long imprisonment, and their having families dependent on their industry for support, fined them one dollar each, with costs of prosecution.

* Harvey, Dunlevy, Landen, and Moore, are old offenders, having been in the state-prison before for similar crimes. Moore was tried at the last session, but acquitted for want of necessary evidence. A great part of the other convicts have been imprisoned in bridewell for petty offences.

† Christiana Linehooff committed the felony of which she was convicted during the fire which occurred in Water-street on the 18th December last, and the property stolen belonged to one of the sufferers.

The trial of Mary Fenton, for wilful and corrupt perjury, came on to be heard on Monday. The charge was fully made out in the opinion of the court: but the jury, whose province it is to determine as to the credibility of evidence, thought differently from the general bad character of the witnesses. They retired at 7 o'clock in the evening, and remained locked up until after 12 on Tuesday noon, but not agreeing, they were discharged by consent of the prisoner's counsel, on condition that she be recognized to appear at the next sessions to undergo a new trial.

The Mayor acknowledges the receipt of two hundred dollars for the benefit of the poor of this city, from William Dunlap, Esq. Manager of the Theatre.

On Saturday evening last. was discovered by the passengers in the stage from New-York to this place, at a small distance above the Hackensack Bridge, a Bear of an enormous size—a circumstance which seldom happens in a country so well populated as this, and is truly indicative of the intenseness of the winter in our nothern settlement.

Newark pap.

MARRIED,

On the 12th inst. Mr. John Webster, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Byard, of this city.

On Thursday evening last week, Mr. Peter Ramadou, to Miss Eliza Cutture, daughter of the late Lewis Cutture of the Island of St. Croix.

At Lexington, (Ken.) Mr. John Strong, to Miss Sally Sheaf.

His *strength* may surely now resound,
For *John* his *Sheaf*, has *strongly* bound.

At Rutland (Ver.) Mr. Thomas Lyon, to Miss Betsy Lamb.

The happy time arrives at length,
In scripture days foretold;
When *Lamb* and *Lyon* both unite,
Embrace, and keep one fold!

At Rochester, (Mass.) on new-year's day, Mr. Samuel Merry, aged 83, to the widow Dorothy Churchill, of Rochester, aged 77; fifty of their male descendants, and thirty three females were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the rev. Joseph Clark, a nephew of the bride.

DIED,

Suddenly, on Sunday night last, in the 41st year of her age, Mrs. Leah Quackinbush, wife of James Quackinbush, merchant, of this city.

On Saturday evening, Miss Clarissa Raynolds, daughter of John Raynolds, esq. of Enfield, (Con.) in the 30th year of her age.

On Thursday morning in the 83d year of his age, Mr. Theophilus Elsworth.

At Savannah, on the 23d ult. in the 30th year of his age, Mr. William Smith, one of the Co-partners of Thomas and William Smith, merchants of that city.

THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 18th,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS, called,

RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE.

Duke of Medina,	Mr. Darley.
Don Juan de Castro,	—— Tyler.
Perez,	—— Harwood.
Alonzo,	—— Hallam, jun.
Sancho,	—— Robinson.
Leon,	—— Cooper.
Cacafogo,	—— Hogg.
Lorenzo,	—— Macdonald.
Perez's servant,	—— Ringwood.
Margaretta,	Mrs. Darley.
Estifania,	—— Johnson.
Altea,	—— Darby.
Clara,	Miss Patton.
1st Lady,	—— White.
2d Lady,	Mrs. Petit.
Old Woman,	Mr. Johnson.
Maid,	—— Shapter.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A PANTOMIME IN TWO ACTS, called,

MIRZA and LINDOR.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—— In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite easeand safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, *where may be had his* ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G, & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.*

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Booksellers in this city,

GAINE'S

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. *Price 25 cents.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,
No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery-lane.

[FROM THE PORT FOLIO.]

A BALLAD.

WHILE Woman, like soft music's charms,
So sweetly bliss dispenses,
Some favorite part each Fair performs,
In the concert of the senses.
Love, great first fiddle in the band,
Each passion quells and raises,
Exploring, with a master's hand,
Nice modulation's mazes:
Till the rapt soul, supremely blest,
Beams brightly in each feature,
And lovely Woman stands confest,
The Harmony of Nature.

Mark! with the pensive, in duet,
The sprightly horn it mingles!
The Prude's the flute, and the Coquette
The lively harp that tingles!
One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,
While plaintive t' other prates it;
Like Cæsar, this to victory springs,
Like Fabius that awaits it.
With various gifts to make us blest,
Love skills each charming creature:
Thus, lovely Woman stands confest
The Harmony of Nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal,
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.
All wives piano fortes are,
The bass how old maids thump if,
The bugle horn are Archers fair.
An Amazon's a trumpet.
Thus, with rare gifts to make us blest,
Love skills his favorite creature,
And thus sweet Woman stands confest,
The Harmony of Nature.

PARODY

ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

TO smoke or not to smoke! that is the question:
Whether tis better to abjure the habit,
And trust the warnings of a scribbling Doctor,
Or buy at once a box of best *Havanna*,
And ten a day, consume them? To smoke——
to puff——
Nay more, to waste the tender fabric of the lungs,
And risk consumption and the thousand ills
The practice leads to; 'tis a consummation
Discreetly to be shunn'd. To smoke—to puff——
To puff—perhaps to doze! ay, there's the rub,
For in that dozing state we thirsty grow:
And having burnt the tube up to a stump,
We must have drink—and that's one cause
We modern youth are destin'd to short life.
For who can bear to feel his mouth parch'd up,
His throat like whalebone and his chest exhausted,
His head turn giddy and his nerves unstrung,
When he himself might drench these ills away
With wine or brandy—Who would live in smoke,
And pine and sicken with a secret poison,
But that the dread of breaking o'er a rule
Prescrib'd by fashion (whose controling will
None disobeys) puzzles ambitious youth,
And makes us rather bear those ills we feel
And others that the Doctor warns us of——
Thus custom does make spectres of us all,
And thus the native hue of our complexion
Is sickly'd o'er with pale consumptive cast,
The appetite (a loss of greater moment)
Pall'd by the weed; and the digestive powers
Lose all their action.

TO A LIVELY BRUNETTE,

who desired the Author to make some Verses on her.

DO not expect me to compare,
The snow-white lily, love, to you,
For candor prompts me to declare
The lily fairest of the two.

And should I say the rose's hue,
On thy soft cheek more freshly glows,
'Twould be a compliment to you,
But very little to the rose,

But who would quit so warm a breast,
To dangle after rose or lily?
For many in *their* colors dress'd,
Are things as senseless and as silly.

Say, who, that feels a kindred glow,
Would quit a heart so fond, so true,
To seek a bosom white as snow,
Perhaps with all its coldness too?

TO A SNOW DROP.

FAIR flower! but yesterday thy milk-white vest
A pearly dew-drop on earth's bosom lay;
At noon thy green stem rear'd its silken crest,
To meet the radiance of the transient ray.

The night came on—amid the storm clouds lower,
The hail fell thick—the biting frost-winds rose;
To day I mark thy silvery front no more—
Deep art thou buried in the drifted snows.

Like innocence by chilling woe opprest,
But for a while thou'rt bent by winter's tread,
Again with Heaven's all-cheering sun-shine blest,
Thou'lt rear to brighter hours thy spotless head.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c, on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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